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# Gallery and Studio

## THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



F we may judge by results, the hanging of the pictures in the present exhibition must have been done on the principle of the once famous fifteen puzzle. Here was the space to be filled, and here were the pictures. Beginning at some one of the upper left-hand corners

the pictures were hung as they came along, without regard to size, subject, or tone, and, at last, the committee found that all the squares were filled except one. This happened to be a small square and there was only one picture, and that a big one, left to put into it. Fortunately, it was painted by one of the American Artists, and accordingly it was jammed into a corner of the corridor between the wall and one of the marble pillars, whose projecting capital prevents the picture from hanging straight. But, nevertheless, straight or crooked, it was hung, and the job finished—the last peg was in its place, and the artistic fifteen puzzle satisfactorily solved. The result is such bad hanging as was probably never before seen at an Academy Exhibition, but, for all that, we hear of little complaint from the artists, and none at all from the rejected. It is likely there were but few rejected, and at any rate there is hardly a place to be found where another picture could be hung at all. Every room is crowded; there is a sky line and there is a floor line; pictures are hung on the staircase wall, and downstairs one of the official rooms (sometimes called the library, I believe, from the fact that it requires a microscope to see the books) is filled with pictures, and has a few models for sculpture in it. It will thus be seen that, so far as quantity is concerned, every visitor gets his money's worth, and, bad as is the impression made by the exhibition as a whole, it is, no doubt, true that if a selection



"UNCLE NED AND I." BY T. W. WOOD.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

could have been made, and the hanging done on artistic principles, enough good pictures would have emerged from the uninteresting mass to have rewarded the lover of art for his visit.

Even in the crowded ill-lighted Parlor there are a few good things—things that in a well-organized exhi-

bition would have been put in a good light upstairs. There is, for instance, Mr. Bush Brown's realistic study in plaster, "The Violinist"—it is long since there has been in an Academy Exhibition so good a piece of work. The pose of the young man's figure, slightly swaying yet well balanced, the action of the hands, the expression of the face—pleased with the music but not rapt—all this is given with simple truth to nature, and with a refinement of feeling that promises well for the



"CHARGING THE BATTERY." BY GILBERT GAUL.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

future work of the artist. Among the paintings in this room we found one at least which, like Mr. Bush Brown's statuette, deserved better things at the hands of the hanging committee: the "Head of a Child," by the Rev. Father Darby. This is a beautifully painted, well-modelled head, and most delightful in its expression of infantine intelligence and sweetness. If we had a criticism to make upon it it would be that the eyes are somewhat out of tone with the rest of the picture; well painted in themselves, liquid and speaking, they are a little too pronounced in their relation to the general coloring. But the mouth is perfect, and the modelling of the lower part of the face leaves nothing to be desired.

Miss M. E. Van Arsdale's "Roses" are not so good as her "Yellow Roses," No. 32, North Room, but that is the fault of the flowers, in part; they are not roses to be painted. The same may be said of Mrs. T. W. Dewing's "Jacqueminot Roses," No. 726. Even this lady's talent cannot make anything of the "Jacqueminot"; it is not an artist's rose; it is only a society flower—even now a little "gone off," since "everybody has them, you know," and it would puzzle even Mr. Alden Weir or Mrs. Whitman to make it picturesque. If it be not exactly "a beastly rose," as we heard a pretty English girl say of it, it is a coarse bloom, and has only held its place so long because even fashion likes to get a good deal of size and a good deal of scent for its money. In this room, too, is what seems to me the best fruit-piece in the exhibition, Miss A. E. Wadsworth's "Still Life," No. 709, though perhaps if we could see E. Sutton's "Fruit-piece," No. 192, East Room, we should give the palm to that. Certainly, if the Sutton picture is as good as the "Fish" by the same artist in the American Artists' Exhibition, it must have great merit. We leave this room with but a word for Mr. Niemeyer's "Sancta Simplicitas." If the artist meant the picture seriously, it is of course beneath criticism and discredits his knowledge of drawing; if he meant it as a joke, it is rather a heavy one, nor do we believe in using the Academy wall as a supplement to our comic journals.

The Corridor has the lion's share perhaps of foolish

performances in this exhibition, though on the whole the distribution through all the rooms is reasonably equal, but there are a few pictures not undeserving notice. Here is Mr. Bunce's best picture perhaps, "By the Public Garden, Venice," though the sky in his "Tomb of Cecilia Metella," oddly called in the catalogue "Satucket Hillside, New England," is certainly fair to see. Mr. Alden Weir's "Milkmaid of Poppendrecht" is a great waste of canvas on which the talent of this undoubted artist plays at hide-and-seek. Then Mr. Geo. P. A. Healey's softly sentimental portrait of Cardinal McCloskey contrasts with Mr. T. W. Alexander's ghastly "Thurlow Weed," more ghastly perhaps than it would be if it had the advantage of Mr. Weir's dark corner. Mr. F. D. Millet's "Koran Reader," if true, shows how Egypt is deteriorating under the Franks; fifty years ago, or even last year, this yellow would not have been possible there. Mr. Bunce's "Watermelons" would never tempt a boy or a buyer; they are as much a libel upon Venice as Mr. Millet's Cairene is upon Cairo. Mr. Henry P. Smith's "Summer Afternoon in Normandy" is a summer afternoon in Chromoland, and in that part of it where nature gets along with as few colors as possible. As in his Thurlow Weed, Mr. Alexander tried his hand on the savage school of Mr. Vinton, so in his Portrait of Miss May he pipes on the pastoral reed of Mr. Fuller, and without more success. Mr. John W. Hill's "Study of Trap Rock," No. 664, may be a study of trap rock, but it is nothing more; there is no beauty in the subject naturally, nor is any brought out by composition; it is a mere dry-as-dust statement of geologic facts. Turner, whom the school to which Mr. Hill belongs worship, never made this sort of study an end, in his pictures, but only a means to an end, to wit, the painting poetry. Admirably as he painted rocks, there was always something in any pictures of his that contained them higher in the scale.



"THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE." BY C. Y. TURNER.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Mr. Alfred Kappes makes an old woman ask a dreary question in his "Is this Life worth Living?" and we were half inclined to say no, till we found the same old woman sitting up in the American Artists' Gallery over the way, as contented with her lot as could be desired, eating a hearty meal of bread and



cheese. As a matter of fact, the question asked in Mr. Kappes' title is never asked by hearty, strong, laboring folk of this kind; they never appeal to our sympathies, and never waste their time or their breath in attempting to justify the ways of God to man. The question, "Is Life worth Living?" would seem more germane to the matter if put into the mouth of the lady in Mr. F. F. de Crano's "Speak, Sir," No. 683. Mr. Kappes is a vigorous painter; we wish he could find something to say with his colors. And Mr. Frank M. Boggs, too, what wasted time, both his and ours, is in this "Return from Crab-Fishing!" Here is the stuff for a strong painter, and our Hercules finds nothing to do with his muscle but to twirl a useless distaff. If Paris can do no more for Mr. Boggs we wish he would come home, for here is enough to develop the real force of which we know he is the possessor. Mrs. Julia Dillon has a basket of "Roses," on the staircase, No. 702, which is painted with much grace and freedom.

In the North Gallery, Mr. F. A. Bridgman's "Eastern Lady" does not do him justice, or else, having recovered from the surprise of his recent exhibition we begin to find how "painty" he too often is. This is coarse execution; but, then, it is not a fair example of the artist. The "Interior of a Biskra House" is no better, and we do not enjoy it the more for finding what a mosaicist Mr. Bridgman is; this is another arrangement of separate sketches that have already done duty in other pictures; the people are all posing, and as there is no unity in the composition, the picture might be cut up into several small ones. Mr. Thomas Hicks keeps our spirits up with his "Portraits." Never were such things said of human beings as he says with his brush; Dickens himself never caricatured us so. Miss Rosina Emmett's "Portrait of a Child" in the East Room is the best work here by an artist whose cleverness with her brush might be envied by many an Academician, yet alongside Mrs. Whitman her work seems hard. There is a pretty little picture in the North Gallery by Miss Emmett, "In the Hayfield," which shows more freedom. So long as people are found who will buy such doleful things as this lady's "Waiting for the Doctor," there is of course no use in remonstrating against the painting of them. But they are essentially inartistic, and not to be justified on any known grounds. To paint a sick child—yes, if one has a heart to do it, but make the spectacle spiritually beautiful, and don't shirk half the task by putting a big blinder over the crucial test, the eyes and the brow. Even the seventeenth century men who painted St. Lucia with her eyes torn out, made her hold them on a dish for us to look at.

Mr. A. P. Ryder's "Landscape" is put out of countenance by his two in the American Artists' Exhibition; the composition of this one is unfortunate with its dominant diagonal of the hillside. Mr. Vedder's "Pier

In the East Room there are portraits to be looked at. Of Miss Emmett's we have spoken; Mr. Porter's "Child" is idealized out of all reality; there is a cloud of clothes and the meaningless chubbiness of indis-



"PEGGY." BY CALVIN RAE SMITH.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

criminate childhood. This might be any child of any parent. No. 189, by the same artist, "Portrait of a Lady," is more interesting. The attitude is easy, but the eyes we cannot think right. Of course such paint-



"ELAINE." BY THOMAS HOVENDEN.

DRAWN BY J. D. SMILLIE FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

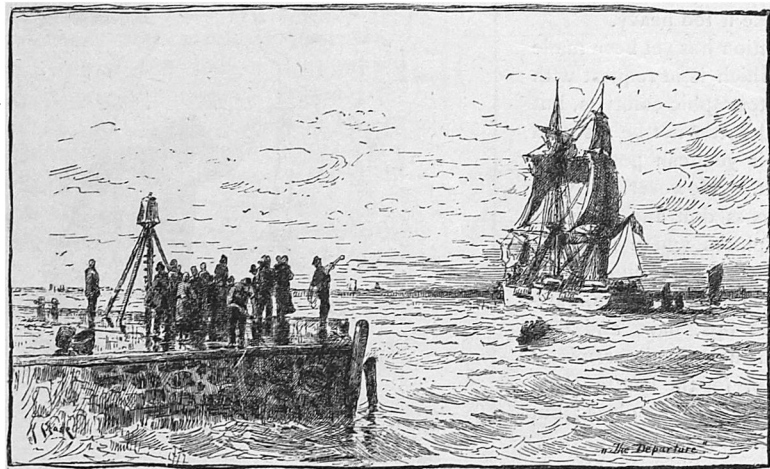
ing as this is miles in advance of such tameness as Mr. Huntington's fashion-plate in the South Room, but where is it alongside Mr. Eaton's "Portrait," in the American Artists' Exhibition? Mr. Eastman John-

Mr. J. G. Brown is a puzzle to us. In the other exhibition he has a picture of an old woman sitting in a chair which would make its mark as a piece of genuine character painting anywhere, and the execution is as good as the conception. But here are three pictures which are the direct opposites of that one. The "Old Woman Taking Snuff," is lifeless, conventional, disagreeable; the boys are the same Mr. Brown has already painted with damnable iteration, and are paraded without rhyme or reason; the "Old Violinist" is another long acquaintance whose sorrows we have pitied so many times that our hearts are now hardened within us. Mr. Walter Palmer has a very skilfully painted "Interior," but his patient talent and good eye for color are put to poor use in this inanity of furniture.

The best picture in the South Gallery is Mr. Gilbert Gaul's "Charging the Battery," though we should hardly have said picture, since that implies either tone or color, and here is neither the one nor the other. Had the subject been treated in black and white it would have been every whit as effective, and we should probably have been spared the calcium-light effect that here vexes the spirit. Also, there was no need of setting us right in the cannon's eye, and the officer at the right waving his sword does his best to disturb the unity of impression. But, all deductions made, this is a spirited piece of realism, and as unaffected and moving as De Neuville himself could have made it. Of course much is saved for the artist by his giving us only backs not faces, and De Neuville's triumph is as much in his backs as in his faces, but we take what Mr. Gaul gives us, and thank him for one picture at least on these vapid walls that can stir us even a little.

Mr. Hovenden's large and patient canvas, "Elaine," is to us a very uncomfortable return to the old stage-play pictures. We cannot enjoy the posing of commonplace models—commonplace where not offensively vulgar, as in the case of the Guinevere, the Arthur, and—can we be right in supposing that the person in a shirt of mail at the right near the head of Elaine is meant for Lancelot? If so, are we looking at him in front or from behind, and is his head on a ball and socket joint that enables it to turn any way its owner wills? The picture is full of absurdities, as indeed such pictures always are, no matter who paints them—Maclise, Piloty, Munkacsy, Becker, Leutze, or Kaulbach—but we are in no mood to point them out. Enough for us the unreality of this display of emotion, the unloveliness of Elaine, and the vulgarity of nearly all the types—the only exception being the female figure with clasped hands in the foreground at the left. As for pictorial effect there is none of it, but the artist has given us space and air.

Mr. C. Y. Turner's "Scene on Grand Canal, Dordrecht," is one of the notable pictures of the year, well composed, with good drawing, and only in color pleas-



"THE DEPARTURE." BY HARRY CHASE.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



"INTERIOR OF A BISKRA HOUSE, ALGERIA." BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

DRAWN BY J. D. SMILLIE FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Head" is neither nature nor art, but a struggle between them in which the matter is somehow hushed up by concessions. The pier itself and the waves about it are true enough, but the foreground water is evidently symbolic.

son's color-blindness torments us in such a portrait as No. 173, and its want of vitality no less, but he recovers himself somewhat in No. 210, where character-reading alone is in question and color not called for.

ing neither to gods nor men. Less interesting is his "The Days that are no More" in the East Room. We cannot see that the artist has any power over facial expression—without the printed title no one could

guess at this woman's feeling; his talent would seem to lie in subjects where action and grouping could take the place of expression. Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield's "Suspense" (Bostonians watching the battle of Bun-

## PHOTOGRAPH PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

### II.

It may now be presumed that the face is nearly finished, all remaining to be done being to give the

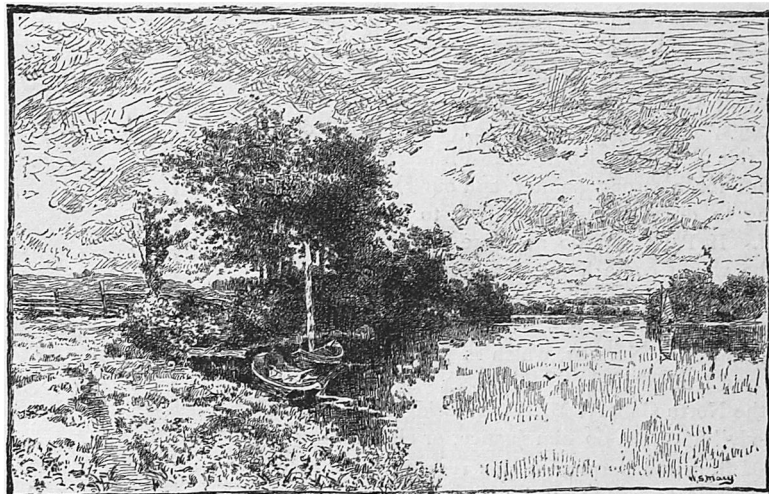
ner. When the background is complete give the last touches to the shadowed parts of the hair, and lay on the high lights.

In coloring hair, never shadow it with the local



"MEETIN'S OUT" (NEW ENGLAND). BY E. L. HENRY.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



"ON THE WESTPORT RIVER, MASS." BY W. S. MACY.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

ker Hill from the house-tops) is an honest effort, and an ingenious one to find a subject in real life and in our own history; there is decided merit in the composition, and the artist has been successful in getting an out-of-door feeling. We like less his "Music," in the North-west Room; this is a thin composition, without either the realism or the finish that redeem such subjects in hands like those of Alma Tadema or Gérôme. Mr. George Inness's "Landscape," No. 517, has much beautiful drawing in it and is interesting in many ways, not the least as showing the artist's determination not to be mannered; but we cannot like its chalky tone, nor the want of atmospheric perspective that makes the nearest object as far off as those in the middle distance. In such an atmosphere as this it would be impossible to see the horizon, yet here it is as plain as the foreground log. We cannot close without a word of commendation for Mr. Charles Frederick Ulrich's "Wood Engraver," No. 477. In spite of a certain hardness this is an admirable little work; the artist cannot fail to be heard from in the future. All the detail is painted with firmness and precision, yet everything is kept in its place, and, seen across the room, we have a happy corner filled with light and air. CLARENCE COOK.

[Our illustrations of pictures at the Academy (with the exception of the drawing by Mr. Van Elten) are selected from the artists' fac-simile drawings in "Illus-

sharp, spirited touches which occur about the eyes, mouth, and nostrils, and impart life and intelligence to the whole countenance. If the original of the photo-



"MOZART SINGING HIS REQUIEM." BY THOMAS W. SHIELDS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

graph be dark, you will use sepia and purple lake in nearly equal proportions for that purpose; but if the sitter be fair, you must discard the greater part of the sepia.

It should have been remarked before, that the shadow which almost always occurs under the nose may be glazed with Vandyke brown; but be careful not to make it too heavy.

No mention has yet been made of gum, which is in request with some photographic colorists, but which had better not be resorted to at all, if you can possibly do without it. However, if your work appears dull and spiritless in those places where it should be otherwise, a little gum may be used for the eyes, shadows, parting of the lips, hair, and eyebrows. You may either mix it in the color for the last touches, or use it by itself, as a glaze; but do not use much on the picture, for it gives a disagreeable appearance.

The background, hair, and draperies next claim attention;

but before the hair is finished it will be necessary to complete the background, so that the hair may not be interfered with by the background color coming up to or over it; but let the hair be brought over and finished upon the background in a light feathery man-

color; all the shadows must be somewhat different, and the same may be said of the high lights. Upon brown hair they partake of a purple tinge, and the shadows are in general formed with sepia, or sepia and lake; and upon some particular kinds of flaxen they incline to a greenish color, which is produced by sepia. Burnt umber is most useful in brown and auburn hair, and here again the sepia and lake form the best shadow colors. A good mixture for black hair is composed of sepia, indigo, and lake, or lake, indigo, and gamboge; the lights slightly inclining to a purple tint, the blue predominating. But black hair is of so many different hues that it is impossible to give one general tint which will do for all kinds; you must be guided by nature, endeavoring to match the colors to the best of your ability. Put in the general wash broadly, and bring it into form with the shadow color—then lay on the high lights and reflections with the proper tints, mixed with Chinese white. Upon flaxen hair you will sometimes be able to preserve them; but in consequence of the photographs being dark and heavy, you will generally have to put them on.

Be very particular in keeping the hair in masses, and, to assist in doing so, use a good-sized pencil to work with, and never fritter it away into



"A BOARDING-SCHOOL GREENROOM." BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

trated Art Notes," edited by C. M. Kurtz, and published by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. This interesting souvenir of the Exhibition deserves a wide circulation. The illustrations are both larger and better than in last year's "Notes."—ED. A. A.]



"JUST ONE YEAR AGO TO-DAY." BY DOUGLAS VOLK.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

little pieces, as if you had determined to show "each particular hair." Against the background let it be a little feathery, as it appears in nature, and do not